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Crippled Classics



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Chapter 1 by intellikat

Here's the idea of this one:

WRITING STAGE:

- 1) Select a well-known passage from a famous novel, story, or script.
- 3) Translate the passage into a language other than English using Google translate.
- 3) Translate the passage back into English again, using a different translation app (I used Baidu, for Chinese, in the example below).
- 4) Write the title and author of your Crippled Classic in parentheses at the bottom.

VOTING STAGE:

- 1) Vote on the most entertaining (mis)translation of a classic passage.

For example, as the first chapter:

Squire Terry Ronnie, Dr. Li Fuxi, the rest of these gentlemen have asked me to write down the details about the island, from the beginning to the end, continue to have what is back, but the

bearing on the island, and is not only because there is still treasure has been lifted. I picked up my pen in the 173 year grace period, and the first chapter has been to "the" admiral, and the brown old seaman, with the same old, black and white, and in our foot.

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shoulder; rough hands scarred, black, broken nails and sword across one cheek, dirty, livid white. I remember he looked a little bay, whistling to himself, as he did so, and then broke the old sea song, he sings the current account:

"Fifteen men on the dead man's breasts,
Yo - Ho - Ho, and a bottle of rum! "

(from Treasure Island, by Robert Louis Stevenson)

Chapter 2 by Joakim



I love this idea!

"Far over the misty mountains cold

Dungeons deep and caverns old.

We must escape before the break of day.

To seek the pale struck gold

Dwarves of yore made mighty spells.

While hammers fell like ringing bells.

In places deep, where dark things off.

Cavernous hall in the Fells.

King Elf ancient

There are gleaming gold collection

They shaped and wrought And they catch the light

Hidden gems on hilt of the sword

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Silver necklaces they stru

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Crown of flowers they hang on.

Dragon in the spiral wire
They mesh light of the moon and sun.
Far over the misty mountains cold
Dungeons deep and caverns old.
We must escape before the break of day.
We forget the claims of gold.
Cup carved for themselves, they are.
Golden harp and no one delves.
It put them up, and many of the songs.
Cases have not heard from the man or elf.
Pine is roaring on the height
Wind moaning in the night
The red light was burned distribution;
Trees like torches blazed with light
Bells are ringing in Del Mar
And people look up to the pale;
Rage of the Dragon fierce than fire.

Placed under the buildings and houses frail.

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Mountain smoked beneath Monday

Dwarf he heard the fools

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They fled their hall to dying fall.

Beneath the moon

Far over the misty mountains Grimm.

Dungeons deep and caverns dim.

We must escape before the break of day.

He won a gold harp!"

(from The Hobbit by J.R.R. Tolkien)

Chapter 3 by intellikat



The first.

A national of the house on the terrace. In the front garden. Trees in the way, and in a very old poplar trees, the tea table, a tea, and some stools and chairs at the table. In one of them lying in a guitar. Hammock swing next to the table. This is a 3 o'clock in the cloudy afternoon.

MARINA, a quiet, graying hair, and the old lady, sitting on the table knitting socks.

ASTROFF being walked to close to her.

MARINA

the gate some tea into a glass' a little tea, my son.

ASTROFF

the glass from her reluctance is not know how, and I do not seem to want to.

MARINA

so that you have a little vodka?

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Now I am not every day drink... and... The... telling me a nurse, how can I expect all NG, we know ex...

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MARINA

'Fear' let me see, how long? Home - help me remember. The first time you come here, and go to the part of our - let me think about it - is the time? Sonja's mother was still alive - it is one of two winter she died; this is 11 years ago - The Muses' may be more.

ASTROFF

I since then how much of a difference?

MARINA

Oh, yes, it is. You're a handsome and young, and now you are an old and not cool. Do you drink.

ASTROFF

yes, 10 years is that I like. Why? That is because I am overworked. Nurse, I have on my feet from dawn to dusk. I know that there is no seating and in the evening I am in my blankets shivering, fearing was dragged out to a who was sick; I have been working very hard without rest or a day of freedom, because I know that you and I can help old? And then, there is a tedious, anyway; this is a meaningless, dirty business, and the life, and to the. Everyone here is stupid, and one of the growth of their lives and their 23. This is inevitable. The twisted his beard' look at Long beard I have grown up. Ignorance, long beards. Yes, I am of the rest of the team, nurses, rather than foolish; no, I have not grown up stupid. Thank God, My brain is perishable, in spite of my feelings have grown up. I asked what, what do I need, and I love a person, unless it is their own alone. He kissed her, and I have a nurse like you when I was a child.

MARINA

don't you want to eat something?

ASTROFF

No. 4 the Pentecostal period I went to the epidemic in Malitskoi week 3. This is typhoid fever outbreak. Farmers are lying side by side in their own house, and cows and pigs are running the patient on the floor. The dirt, smoke-free! unspeakable! All day long I have subordinate to these people, and not a crumb from my lips, but when I go back home is still not break me. A if they are

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(from Uncle Vanya, by Anton Chekhov)

Chapter 4 by Rinat Menyashev



In that moment, when Gavroche was removing the Sergeant, who was lying next to the stone doorframe, his cartridges, a bullet hit the body.

"Fichtre!" said Gavroche. "They're killing my dead to me."

The second bullet struck a spark from the pavement beside him.-- the third was canceled your cart.

Gavroche looked and saw that it came from men in the Banlieue.

He jumped to his feet, straightened, his hair fluttering in the wind, hands on hips, never taking his eyes from the National guardsmen who fired, and singing.

He then took the basket, replaced the magazine that had fallen from him, not missing a single one, and, advancing to the shooting started robbing another cartridge box. There is a fourth subparagraph missed it again. Gavroche was singing.

The fifth subparagraph only managed to draw from him the third stanza. Thus, continued for some time.

It was fascinating and terrible sight. Gavroche, although shot, was to tease the shooting. He had the appearance of being heavily distracted. It was a Sparrow pecking athletes. For each rank he objected verse. They are directed at him constantly, and always missed him. National guardsmen and soldiers laughed, took aim at him. He lay down, sprang to his feet, hid in the corner of the doorway, and then made a bound, disappeared, reappeared, ran away, came back, answered buckshot with your finger on your nose, and all the while, went on a looting cartouches, emptying the cartridge box, and filling his basket. The rebels, breathless excitement, and then his own eyes. The barricade was trembling; he was singing. He wasn't a child, he was

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One bullet, however, better directed, or more cunning than the rest, finally, hit the Stray lights of the child. Gavroche was seen to stagger, he fell to the ground. The whole barricade gave vent to a cry; but there was something Antey in a pygmy; for Gamin to touch the pavement the same as for the giant to touch the ground; Gavroche had fallen only to rise again; he remained in a sitting position, a long thread of blood streaked his face, he raised both hands in the air, looked in the direction whence the shot came, and began to sing ...

He did not finish. The second bullet from the same hand stopped him short. This time he fell face down on the pavement, and moved no more. This great little soul took its flight.

(from Les Misérables by Victor Hugo.)

Chapter 5 by Gounaitory



In Xanadu did Kubla Khan
a stately pleasure-dome decree:
Where Alpha, for the holy river,
a man ran to extravagant caves, untouched by a dropped by sea.
An efficient floor, that is five kilometers
two walls and towers and the round was belted;
and the gardens, where there was light curved rillerine incense that many a flower, tree ,
where ancient forests, hills,
enfolding Foliage sunny spots.

(From Kubla Khan by Samuel Taylor Coleridge)

Chapter 6 by Selena Raynee



MY DEAR HOLMES, - my previous letters and telegrams, has been pretty well hold your up to date as of all the things that occurred in a corner abandoned in this most divine world. Long one, the spirit of multiple wetlands my soul, its vastness, and also, stay here do sink to the severe charm. You, when you are outside once and on top of the chest, although leave your all

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arrow of fitting low and out to the door of the crawl his bow string, you will feel that his presence there was a natural than myself. Oddly, is that they have been so thick live always how that must have been the most fruitless soil. I do Mase morning antique, I can imagine that it was a race suffered and some unwarlike that have been forced to accept that it is none other than will occupy them.

All of this, however, you are to be the foreign to the mission that sent me, probably will be very interesting to your serious practical mind. I still remember your complete indifference as to whether the sun moves around the earth and the sun round the earth. I, For this reason, let's get back to the facts about Sir Henry Baskerville.

[The Hound of the Baskervilles, by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle]

Chapter 7 by Selena Raynee



The moved Lancer, party Leoncia, 2 body and Torres cattle, because it is an adult, all under a high degree of the whole of primitive cultivation and employees flowing through the pasture of a small dog grazing forest plot and knees, was carried out a beautiful field, not more young calf they were.

"Error-free their cash cow," Henry commented. "They are the perfect beauty. But you can! Strong man was seen such a dwarf ever to lift a large part in the following manner, you can go to it."

"Fooled Do not , "Francis replied. to take on" the black one. I think it is 3 quintal under ounces No gambling. "

" How much I bet if? "Henry has denied. "What rate," the answer was no.

"At that time, even several hundred people," Henry, "I pick up it, you can go to it. "

"Done." But rate, "he said, the Henry, he frowned, never they are determined at the moment of leaving the back way the Lancer that made the sign that was straight. If the foot has been leading the way by a very hard rock, they saw many of their goats. and "obedience," Francis says. "Please look at the boy of flock."

Jack London "Hearts of Three"

Chapter 8 by Intelligent

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They said to him, about the
added, he was high priest

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fact, many people

The most significant of the patients, with an axe by one - a woman -- once at the foot of the hill of the same scaffold, not long before, allow, wrote inspiring her thoughts. If he had been to any of his words, they predict, they will be the: "I see Barsad, or Clay, Defarge, the vengeance, the jury, the judge, long ranks of the new oppressors, on the destruction of old before the elimination of the retaliatory documents it should stop its present use, has risen. I see a beautiful city and smart people, rising from this abyss, and they struggle to be truly free in their victory and defeat, after many years, see evil this time and last time, this is the natural birth, gradually making expiation for itself and wear."

"I see life for my life, peaceful, useful, prosperous and happy in England, will not see it down. I saw her with a child in her arms, my name is called the. Her father, aged and bent, but otherwise restored and faithful to all men, in his healing office, and at peace. I see the good old man, so long as their friend, in ten years with all his, to enrich and calm to his reward."

"I see that I hold a sanctuary, in their hearts, and their descendants, the heart for ages. I saw her, an old woman, the anniversary of the day I cry. I see her and her husband, their course, lying at the end of their earthly bed side by side, I know every more honor and not held sacred in the other person's soul, the soul of the ratio of two."

"I saw the child who is sleeping in her arms, who was tired of my name, a man in the road once in my life to win his way. I saw him win it so well, my name so distinguished by his light. I watched myself throw, disappeared on the spot. I see him, but the judge and to honor the men, to put my name, I know her forehead and golden hair, a boy came to the place of the most front - and then treated equally, without a trace of defects of the day - I heard him tell them my story, with a tender and a teeter voice."

"This is far better things, too; do this is more than I'd ever go far, far better rest."

(From the end of A Tale of Two Cities by Charles Dickens)

the end

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